THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, February* 6, 1808. [No. 16.

ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.
No. 3.

Virtus in astra tendit.——

IT is an old observation, that man is not so much distinguished from the brutes by reason, as by religion. The whole animal world have some shows of design and contrivance in their several actions, and among the most irrational creatures, instinct supplies the place of wisdom in so curious and wonderful a manner, as to amuse the most penetrating philosopher. But though the creatures of a lower species do thus nicely imitate us in our prudence and fore thought, yet we entirely distinguish ourselves from them by our devotion. We have ideas of another life, of which they give us not the least shadow nor intimation; and we perform many acts of religion, to which nothing which they do, bears any similitude or resemblance. While they are wholly taken up with the objects that strike their senses, the humane soul takes a distant prospect of Futurity, shoots away into an invisible state of things, and leaves the inferior race to grovel in their kindred dust.

For the most part men seem fond of distinguishing themselves from one another; and their hearts beat with what they are pleased to call a generous emulation. I don't know why we should not be as forward to assert our superiority to brutes, as to claim the precedency of one another. There is no way of doing this to so good purpose, as paying an explicit homage to our maker, governing our appetites, and regarding our end.

Religion is the most excellent glory which can brighten and regale the mind of man. It dignifies humane nature, and wonderfully enlarges the field of contemplation. It makes a man appear great in his own eyes, and sets him in the most noble attitude in the sight of his fellow-creatures. It gives him to think with grandeur, to speak with caution, and to act with honor. There is a certain majesty and sublimity in religion, which will forever raise and exalt its votaries

As religion is honorable, so it is ornamental. Nothing sets so gracefully upon a man, or glitters with so many charms and beauties. It infuses an amiable tenderness and compassion into his mind; and tends wonderfully to soften and polish his manners. His benevolence to all about him, and intention and solicitude to do them good, sweetens his conversation, and renders him lovely in the eyes of all beholders.

If we consider the pleasures in a religious life, these will recommend it very powerfully to the ap-

probation of our judgment, and the choice of our will. There can be no delight equal to that of a good conscience, either as to the nature and extent of it, the conveniences which attend it, the uninterruptedness of its currant, or the lastingness of its duration.

The nature of this joy is truly sublime, remote from the abject gratification of the senses; of a spiritual and divine constitution. It is a pure and serene sunshine of the soul, which dispenses a tranquility and a rapture over all its powers. It regulates the violence of the affections, calms and composes the rage of appetites, and hushes and lulls asleep the jarring tumult of passions.

A religious mind, conceives new pleasure from every object that meets its eyes. The whole vast of the creation which crowds its sight, seems but one great and elegant picture to ravish it. Such a man looks down with contempt upon the earth, unallured by the shining trifles which cheat the hopes of the rest of mankind. The globe upon which he stands, does but sail with him up his native skies, as it repeats its annual revolutions. He beholds the stars which deck the night, as so many lamps hung out to illuminate his ideas of their Maker; and while they add a magnificence to the imperial residence of his GOD, they do but lighten him in his way home thither. The vernal Sun equally rejoices his face, and the face of nature; and while the groves around him are renewed with a glow of blossoms, his heart beats and glows with a thousand transports. Even the rough visage of winter smiles upon him; and the roar of the northern tempests, do but breathe a gentle melody in his ears. Nothing pleases him more than the innocent satisfactions of his fellow creatures; and afflictions themselves whisper to him his future felicity, when he shall be delivered from them forever.

The pleasures of religion are attended with many circumstances which render them more convenient and valuable than any other enjoyments. Our senses are as subject to pain as delight; so that they may afflict as well as please us; and the things which now gratify them, may as easily prove our tormenters as our comforters. Or however, while the springs of our joys remain without us, they are at least not so portable, as when the fountain bubbles in our own breast. When the miser shuts up his chest, his gladness is over till he again returns to count his money. When the glutton leaves his dishes, or the drunkard his cups, their pleasure ceases till the next repetition of excess and luxury. When the man of lewdness forsakes the immodest arms of his mistress, his delights are at an end, till he again palls his lust with the same brutish transactions. Those who pursue fame, find it vain-glory, in a very literal sense; an idle bubble, blown up by the uncertain breath of others, that breaks in the attempt to catch it. Thus are sensual pleasures, in some sort at the dispose of others, and we cannot carry them about with us, as an unfailing source of joy, wherever we go; but the satisfactions of a conscience witnessing our integrity, will attend us in all places, and fasten on our souls with an embrace inseparably close and united.

From this indissoluble connection of a pious mind, and a rational delight, there also arises the uninterruptedness of the pleasure.

By uninterruptedness, I don't intend the strict signification of the word, but I mean only that religious pleasure is not so liable to interruption as those of an inferior origin. It is raised above many of the evils which alloy and divide other joys. A florid aspect may be worn away with sickness; a good name may be blasted by the breath of envy; an agreeable friend may be taken from our conversation, or possibly may become our virulent enemy. Nor are riches more constant than these, but altogether as apt to take themselves wings and fly away. Our habitations may consume in the flames; and a fair house which to day pleases us with its state and beauty, may tomorrow lie in ruins, and grieve our eyes in a volume of smoke, or a heap of ashes. A rich ship may glide away from us, and its shapely fabric, its costly treasures, and its owner's hopes sink foundering together. Even our very lands are not secure, but they may suddenly vanish from our sight, and be absorpt in a devouring earthquake. In a word, all outward good things, are liable to wither away, by a great variety of accidents, none of which can have any power upon our enjoyments of a more refined and intellectual nature; and especially such as those of religion.

Death unavoidably puts a period to all temporal pleasures. The dying eyes wax dim to all the pomp and glare of this earth. Then the tongue forgets to relish the sweets of life; and harmony begins to grow strange to the fainting ear. No more does the heart leap with transport, or the pulses dance along the animated system: but the breath ebbs away, the blood stiffens in the veins, a dead pale increases on the cheeks, and a relentless cold invades every trembling limb of the body. This scene of horrors which closes our life, and dashes and confounds all our mortal expectations of happiness, does but enhance the joys of the pious soul; and is only a soft transition to fulness of joy, and pleasures forevermore.

I shall only add here, that the pleasures of religion, in a more limited and comprehensive sense, consists in an union of our wills with the will of the Deity. Where the seeds of the Divine love are scattered in the heart of a man, every thing that delights his Maker pleases him; and there must of necessity team and shoot up a heavenly luxuriance of satisfactions, that lie latent in the sacred root. If that be happiness, he is in an infallible way to have all his desires accomplished; and as the whole chain of causes and events, will be regularly drawn along by the unerring hand of God, he is sure it cannot but happen infinitely better than he could contrive it himself. As the curtains gradually unfold from before the scenes of Providence, there continually gleams over his soul a fresh dawn of devout and admiring joy. In short, his felicity is so curiously twisted and interwoven with that of the great Superintendant of the world, as gives a kind of unavoidable fatality to his blessedness.

The advantages of religion are inexpressibly large and numerous. What I have already said to represent it honorable, ornamental and pleasant, may serve as so many hints to speak it useful to the possessor himself. If we look upon religion in a different light, we shall also find it beneficial to others, and they reap much good from

it, when it inhabits the breast of their neighbour.

Charity dilates and greatens the mind, and flings open its arms to grasp in and embrace all mankind, with a generous humanity and tenderness. A man warmed with this Godlike principle, is perpetually studying how to alleviate the miseries, or increase the delights of all he converses with; and he is never so much gratified as when he enjoys an opportunity of doing good. His bosom pants and labours with designs of kindness and benevolence to his fellow-creatures: his very enemies blush to see their evil overcome with his good: Even the brutal world bless the smiling influences of his pity and compassion. And where his own extent of power to do good fails and diminishes, he takes a thousand methods to persuade others, and refine them with the same heroic fire.

It is but a little step further to say, religion is necessary. I might offer several thoughts to set this matter in a fair light; but these, having already run the length of my paper, I am obliged to omit. Perhaps I may resume them at another opportunity. I.

THE DRAMA.
No. 13.

FOR THE EMERALD.

KING LEAR.

Monday evening, February 1st.

THE tragedy of King Lear, it appears by an ancient advertisement, was originally represented in the year 1608, at the Globe Theatre, Bankside; and it is highly probable, was not greatly admired at that early period, as the play was not printed so often as many of Shakespeare's less perfect productions, previously to the first folio collection of his works, and in an enumeration of his principal characters by Leonard Diggs, that of Lear, is omitted; neither have we any distinct account of any celebrated performer in the part. Betterton might indeed have represented it, though Downes, the stage historian is silent on the subject; but it probably remained almost without disturbance on the shelf until the time of Tate. We presume its want of popularity arose from the distressing catastrophe. Tate discovering it to be "a treasure of unstrung, unpolished jewels," produced his alteration; which, while it arranged and brightened the gems, wore away much of their value by injudicious workmanship, and debased their appearance by stringing with them the gew-gaws of his own imagination.

It is almost useless to remark at this time, that the character of Lear is one of those wonderful efforts at delineation of character, which no author but Shakespeare could make. A character which every reader would be ready to ascribe to his *invention*, and to place in the regions of imaginary being; but that every reader must know it is taken from life, and must feel the truth of the nature it exhibits. It is the peculiar province of Lear, to display the insight of the author into human passions, and modifications of feeling, above any of his other parts.

Lear is governed merely by impulse; his affections and his anger are equally capricious, ungovernable, and extravagant. Hence, the events which occur, throw him into constant transitions of passion and feeling; this is the very essence of his disposition, and forms the basis of his character. In the first instance, he indulges his most unreflecting fondness for his children, next rages against Cordelia, for want of improper fervour in her expression of attachment.

——"Thy *truth* then be thy *dower*."

Presently he unmeritedly banishes *Kent*, for the freedom of his interference.

——"If on the tenth day following,
"Thy *banished* trunk be found our dominions,
"That moment is thy death."

He is capricious, as morning dreams. His resentment against his daughter Cordelia, in which he disclaimed "all his paternal care," suddenly lessens in the curses and imprecations he expresses against Gonerill.

——"Oh, most *small* fault,
"How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!"

Conflicting passion now assails him, and the images of his mind constantly vary. Gonerill is telling him of his "*disordered rabble*," meaning his knights. Lear then utters the reflection, "woe to him that too late repents." when Albany enters, he then is suddenly arrested by another sensation,

——"O, sir, are *you* come ?
"Is it *your will?* Speak sir. Prepare my horses.
"Ingratitude thou marble-hearted fiend."

Albany here requests him to be patient; but Lear, without noticing him, recollecting the expression of Gonerill about his "disordered rabble," exclaims,

——"Detested kite, thou liest."
"My train are men of choice and rarest parts."

Thus he constantly changes from passion to passion, as external circumstance or internal impression drives his imagination. At length, he is wrought to such extremity of distress, that the author, after every possible previous change, deprives him of reason. This is the natural effect of ingratitude, operating on a mind like his, "impetuous, susceptible of extreme resentment, and incapable of yielding to morose silence, or malignant retirement." In his madness, however, we have the same transitions of passion; and the very madness in some degree indicates the original disposition of the mind. The varieties multiply, the contrarieties of passion increase. He raves at every thing; but intervals of reason like streaks of light in the heavens, appear in the midst of the dark and violent tempest of his passions. First he is impressed with the idea of his *children* arresting him,

"No they cannot touch *me* for *coining*,
"I am the *King* himself."

The person of the king, it is well known, is not only sacred, but *all* money is said to be the king's. Then he raves of recruiting—"*There's* your press money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper." &c. Then he supposes he sees a mouse, "Look, look, a mouse, &c." Now he is in the field. "There's my gauntlet—I'll *prove* it on a giant." Presently an archer, "Oh well flown barb." Then he reflects on the vices of mankind, and makes some observations equally remarkable for beauty of imagery, force of thought, and propriety of illustration.

The character of Lear then, is originally made up of mere sensibility; unreflecting, impetuous and capricious, he is led to the most extravagant expressions of his feelings; he is inconstant in affection, and variable in conduct; and being subjected to greater distress than any other character in the drama, he is impressed with a greater variety of emotions, both affectionate and resentful.

The other characters which are pourtrayed in this celebrated tragedy are so distinct, so opposed, and so natural, the business of the scene is so multifarious, and the story is hurried on with so rapid a current of imagination, that the mind is kept for ever on the alert, never wearied with repetition, though sometimes exhausted by exertion. The same path changes into numerous prospects, all new, all vivid, and all varied.

The performance of this uncommon play on Monday evening, did not satisfy the desires of impatience, nor reward the expectations of criticism. As the cast of the piece was not altered from the original arrangement, excepting in the part of Lear, we shall leave the other personations without censure or extenuation, for the purpose of analysing the performance of that character. We shall enter into this the more at length, not because we consider Lear a remarkable effort of the abilities of Mr. C. but because the part is liable to so much misconception, because there were points of beauty in the representation too remarkable not to receive lavish commendation, and occasions of censure too frequent to be passed over without observation.

The general requisites for the just performance of this most difficult of all characters in tradgedy, are

1st An ability to enter into the age of the part; to subdue the vigour of the exterior into an apparent fragility of form, and the manliness of the voice, into the mellowness of years, and at the same time to retain much of the fire and animation of original nature.

2d, The next quality of this part, is an expression of violent impetuosity of temper, which should hurry the actor into opposite tones and sentiments; shewing him constantly in contrast.

3d. A variety of deportment suited to the expression of ardent affection, forcible imprecation, tender appeals, paroxysms of despair and derangement of intellect; but

4th, The principal demand is a full and complete acquaintance with the text of the author; and an ability in the voice to mark the language with emphasis and feeling. We think these are indispensable qualities to a correct and forcible personation of Lear; how Mr. C. has succeeded we are now to shew.

First as to *age*; he certainly did not correctly express the "*fond old man, fourscore and upwards.*" Garrick, speaking of a famous French comedian who performed the part of a *drunkard*, remarked, that his *legs* were *sober*; we should apply a similar observation as to the *youth* of Mr. Cooper's legs in Lear. They exhibited no bended knee, no "shrunk shank;" but were sturdy and firm. His voice too, in various passages, was young and vigorous, as

"Oh God! I shall go mad"—
"Death traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
"To such a lowness but his unkind daughter."

We select these instances to shew wherein his voice was too young; the first, however, was mis-recited, and we think misconceived.

The second was pronounced with too violent an expression of rage, for so trifling a reason as the remark of *Kent* afforded. But though some passages were uttered in this manner, there was more frequent complaint as to the want of passion in his utterance.

The original nature of Lear, was rash and hasty. Impetuous in temper, and uncontrolled in power, he had the will to conceive, and the means to execute the most extravagant purposes. This state of mind keeps his temper in continual agitation, the moment his excursions of disposition become restrained; and the pendulum of his feelings is kept in continual vibration. Here Mr. Cooper in most instances did not succeed. His conveyance was vague and indeterminate, as well as blended and homogeneous. This passage was inaccurately pronounced.

"Plate sin with gold, and the *strong lance of justice*
"Hurtless *breaks*. Arm it in rags, a pigmies
"*Straw* doth *pierce it*."

Mr. C. laid an erroneous stress on *hurtless*. His omission of this apostrophe in his appeal to heaven we greatly regretted, since it is so exceedingly pathetic and naturah

——"If your sweet sway
"*Allow* obedience, *if yourselves are old*,
"Make it *your* cause."

These expressions were remarkably well delivered, as to contrast, but were deficient in impetuosity.

——"Old fond eyes,
"Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
"And cast you with the waters that you lose,
"To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
"Let it be so: Yet I have left a daughter," &c.
"Thou shalt find, that I'll *resume* that shape
"Which thou dost think, I have cast off for ever."

In the scene where Kent is found in the stocks, there was great want of variety and force of exclamation. This expression was however, well recited.

——"may be *he is* not well
"*Infirmity* doth still *neglect* all office
"To which our *health* is *bound*."

In the mad scenes particularly, we discovered most imperfection. When he enters to Edgar and Gloster, he omits many of those passages, which in fact, indicate the derangement of his intellects. "There 's your press money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper," &c. "There 's my gauntlet." He also rendered the following expression nugatory by neglecting to utter the previous part of the speech.

"Give me an ounce of civit, good apothecary,
"To sweeten my imagination."

Now he had uttered nothing so offensive as to require this appeal, by reason of the omission above suggested. In this scene Mr. Cooper did not appear to justify the remark of Edgar, "Oh matter and impertinency mixed; reason in madness!" He uttered only the "*matter*," and let great part of the "*impertinency*" without notice. So that we hardly knew it to be the king

——"mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud."

Of Mr. Cooper's ability to convey the varied passions excited in the character of Lear, there can be no doubt; our next topic of analysis, therefore, is to see whether he evinced such an accurate acquaintance with the text, that the fullest sen-

was given to it, and in the most forcible manner. We have mentioned that his emphasis was vague and indeterminate. In the following passage this was quite evident.

" Does any here *know me*? Why this is not *Lear*:
" Does *Lear walk* thus? *Speak* thus? Where are his *eyes*?"

——" Ha! *waking!* 'Tis *not* so.
" Who is it that can tell me *who* I am?

There was a want of distinctness of idea, in all the passage: but in the following expression he was wrong. When Gloster reminds him of the "fiery quality" of Cornwall, Lear replies in great rage,

" Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
" *Fiery*? *What* quality?"

It is evident the last expression should be uttered with great force, in an inquiring voice, keeping up the rising inflexion, But Mr. Cooper emphasised " quality." So also he said,

" *I* do not bid the thunder-bearer strike."

The emphatic word is *bid*. The whole of the speech containing this line, wanted acrimonious sarcasm.

We certainly subscribe to the opinion, that Mr. Cooper pronounced many sentences with great force and propriety of utterance. In the curse, *though we object to his rising up before the denunciation was completed;* this point was uncommonly well enforced:

——" That *she* may feel,
" How harder than a serpent's tooth it is
" To have a thankless child."

The line,

" *Cordelia shall be queen!*"

was also well expressed.

The expostulation with the elements, was not delivered, in our opinion, either with peculiar force or propriety.

" I tax not *you*, ye elements with unkindness;
" I never gave *you* kingdom, call'd *you* children.
" *You* owe me no subscription; why then let fall
" Your horrible pleasure."

This passage was mis-recited, in the following manner.

" *I* never gave you *kingdom*, call'd you *children*.
" You owe *me no subscription*; why then let fall
" *Your terrible vengeance*."

The pause before " Kill, kill, kill," was so long, that we could not trace the connection with the previous part of the sentence. Of this passage it is recorded, that Garrick made it " terribly distressing" to his auditors.

In the last scene, in prison, Mr. Cooper's talents made a full display. We have never witnessed the action of saving Cordelia so well deleniated. It had electric effect. The representation of Lear, however, taken as a whole was certainly not correct, resulting we imagine from a misconception of the part. The great requisites in which Mr. C. was deficient, were in manner, the apparent age, and impetuosity of feeling; and in substance, the indications of Lear's derangement of intellect. From the fine effect, however, with which certain speeches were pronounced, we are not inclined to consider the part out of the circumference of Mr. Cooper's abilities; but that he will easily compass it by further study, though it certainly requires greater variety of passion, tone, emphasis, and demeanor, than he evinced at his last representation.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A curious list, says D'Israeli in his admirable Essay on The Litirary Character, may be formed of " Fears of the brave and follies of the wise."

" Voiture was the son of a vintner, and like Prior, was so mortified whenever reminded of his original occupation, that it was said of him, that wine which cheered the heart of all men, sickened that of Voiture. Rousseau, the poet, was the son of a cobler; and when his honest parent waited at the door of the theatre, to embrace his son on the success of his first piece, the inhuman poet repulsed the venerable father with insult and contempt. Akenside ever considered

his lameness as an unsupportable misfortune, since it continually reminded him of his origin, being occasioned by the fall of a cleaver from one of his father's blocks, a respectable butcher. Milton delighted in contemplating his own person, and the engraver not having reached our sublime bard's "ideal grace," he has pointed his indignation in four iambics. Among the complaints of Pope, is that of "the pictured shape." Even the strong-minded Johnson would not be painted "blinking Sam." Mr. Boswell tells us that Goldsmith attempted to shew his agility to be superior to the dancing of an ape, whose praise had occasioned him a fit of jealousy, but he failed in imitating his rival. The inscription under Boileau's portrait, describing his character with lavish panegyric, and a preference to Juvenal and Horace, is unfortunately known to have been written by himself."

"Men of genius are often reverenced only where they are known by their writings. In the romance of life they are divinities, in its history they are men. From errors of the mind, and derelictions of the heart, they may not be exempt; these are perceived by their acquaintance, who can often discern only these qualities. The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces."

It is the characteristic of genius to display no talent to ordinary men.

"The occupation of *making a great name* is perhaps more anxious and precarious than that of *making a great fortune*. We sympathise with the merchant when he communicates melancholy to the social circle in consequence of a bankruptcy, or when he feels the elation of prosperity at the success of a vast speculation. The author is not less immersed in cares, or agitated by success, for literature has its bankruptcies and its speculations."

The happiest writers are compelled to see some of their most magnificent ideas float along the immensity of mind beyond the feeble grasp of expression.

BLINDNESS.

BY E. RUSHTON.*

Ah! think, if June's delicious rays
The eye of sorrow can illume,
Or wild December's beamless days
Can fling o'er all a transient gloom.
Ah! think if skies obscure or bright,
Can thus depress or cheer the mind,
Ah! think, 'midst clouds of utter night,
What mournful moments wait the Blind.

"And who shall tell his cause for woe,
To love the wife he ne'er must see,
To be a sire, yet not to know
The silent babe that climbs his knee.
To have his feelings daily torn,
With pain, the passing meal to find;
To live distress'd and die forlorn,
Are ills that oft await the Blind.

When to the breezy uplands led,
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the redbreast o'er his head,
While round him breathes the scented thorn.
But oh! instead of nature's face,
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combin'd,
Instead of tints, and forms, and grace,
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the Blind.

If rosy youth, bereft of sight,
Midst countless thousands, pines unblest,
As the gay flower withdrawn from light,
Bows to the earth where all must rest.
Ah! think, when life's declining hours
To chilling penury are consign'd,
And pain has palsied all his powers,
Ah! think what woes await the Blind."

* "*This touching little poem is the fruit of more than thirty years mournful experience of the calamity it describes.*"

Mr. Quin was the only performer of any reputation when Mr. Garrick first appeared on the stage, and he had likewise been one of his earliest opposers. When he saw the success which attended the performances of his rival, he observed with his usual spleen, that *Garrick was a new religion. Whitfield was followed for a time, but they would all come to church again.* We mention this anecdote merely on account of the reply which it induced Mr. Garrick to write, and which was as follows:

Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains "that *Heresy* corrupts the town;
"That *Whitfield Garrick* has misled the age,
"And taints the sound religion of the stage;
"Schism, he cries, has turn'd the nation's brain,
"But eyes will open, and to *church* again!"
Thou great infallible! forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not *Heresy*, but *Reformation.*

"*Is that all?*" said a Chinese to a Bookseller, who had told him, that Bossuet's Universal History contained some account of the Jews and Egyptians. 'No,' replied the European, 'much mention is made of the celebrated Grecians.' "Who are those Grecians," said the foreigner? 'Ah!' continued the other, 'it treats of that province which is not quite so large as the two hundredth part of China, but which has made so much noise throughout the whole world.' "I have never heard those people mentioned, either in the Mogul's country, or in Japan, or in great Tartary," said the Chinese with an ingenuous air. 'What ignorance! what barbarism!' exclaimed our polite scholar: 'you are not then acquainted with Epaminondas the Theban, nor with the port of Pireus, nor with the name of Achilles's two horses, and of Silenus's ass. You have never heard of Jupiter, nor of Diogenes, nor of Lais, nor of Cybele, nor of——" I am afraid," returned the Oriental, "that you know nothing of the adventure, eternally memorable, of the famous XIXOFOU CONCOCHIGRAMHI, nor of the mysteries of the great *Ft pſi ht hi* But pray, what are those unknown subjects of which this Universal History treats?" The scholar then spoke for a quarter of an hour together of the Roman republic; and when he came to Julius Cæsar the Chinese interrupted him, saying, "As for him, I think I know him: was not he a Turk?"

'How!' said the scholar, in a rage; 'don't you know the difference at least between Pagans, Christians, and Mussulmans? Are you strangers to Constantine, and to the History of the Popes?' "We have heard," replied the Asiatic, "some confused mention made of one Mahomet."

'It is impossible,' answered the other, 'that you should not be acquainted at least with Luther, Zuinglius, Bellarmine, Oecolampadius.' "I shall never remember those names," said the Chinese. He then left us, and went to sell a large quantity of Souchong tea and fine Grogram, with which he purchased two handsome girls and a cabin boy, whom he carried over with him to his own country, adoring the God *Tien*, and recommending himself to *Confucius*

For my part, being present at this conversation, I saw clearly what Glory is, and said. 'Since Cæsar and Jupiter are unknown in the finest, the oldest, the largest, the most populous, the best governed empire in the world; little does it become you, ye Rulers of some

small regions, ye Preachers of a small parish in a small city, ye Doctors of Salamanca or of Bourges, ye little Authors, ye dull Commentators; little does it become you to pretend to reputation!"

(Voltaire.)

Female authorship has been often the subject of satire. The wit of Richard Brinsley Sheridan is seldom more brilliant than in the following attempt

"To ridicule each fair pretender's aim;
Where the dull duties of domestic life
Wage with the Muse's toils eternal strife.
What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In stu dious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter gossip, and a housewife wit;
At once invoking, tho' for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and Muse;
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of notable and wise;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a vary'd mass,
Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua maker's bill unpaid;
Here new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
Here, dormant patterns pine for future gauze.
A moral essay now is all her care.
A satire next, and then a bill of fare.
A scene she now projects, and now a dish,
Here's act the first—and here—remove with fish.
Now while this eye in a fine phrenzy rolls,
That soberly casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears and thread, and balls and thimbles mix.

Hume, in a letter to one of his friends, thus describes the attention he received in Paris. "Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers. Every man I meet, and still more every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, if they did not make to me a long and elaborate harangue in my praise."

The same writer speaks playfully of a vice which is not very prevalent at the present time, but not less detestable on that account. "I shall endeavour to find out the unhappy philosopher you mention, though it will be difficult for me to do him any service. He is an ingenious man, but unfortunate in his conduct, particularly in the early part of his life. The world is so cruel as never to overlook those flaws; and nothing but hypocrisy can fully cover them from observation. There is not so effectnal a scourer of reputations in the world. I wish that I had never parted with that *Lexivium*, in case I should at any future time have occasion for it."

ANECDOTE.

This word was originally given by the Greeks to every thing of whatever nature that was made known to the people for the first time. In its literal acceptation it signifies historical details of such events which have taken place in the courts of sovereigns, and which it never was intended should be published. Cicero, in his 17th epistle to Atticus, lib. 14, makes use of the word, but it is observable that he uses it as a Greek term, and even writes it in Grecian characters, as if it had not in his time a synonimous expression among the Romans. Procopius has given this title to an infamous libel, in which he represented in the most odious and disgusting colours the Emperor Jus-

tinian and his wife Theodora. It sullies the reputation, and detracts from the credit of a writer whose public histories are valuable; but after the venom of his malignity has been suffered to exhale, the residue of the anecdotes, even the most disgraceful facts, are established by their internal evidence on the authentic monuments of the time.—He seems to be the only one among the ancients who wrote in this licentious style.—Suetonius, it is true, has minutely described the debaucheries of the first Cæsars. He detailed the private as well as the public acts of each Emperor, with too much plainness, perhaps, but certainly without the premeditated satire of Procopius. Varillas, a Frenchman, has published anecdotes of the house of Medici, in which are a number of doubtful and contradictory statements, which have contributed not a little to discredit his book.

"Sad is the sleep of Erin, and her dreams are troubled and gloomy. Her enemy has come, he has come in the hour of her slumbers, and his hand has stolen the *emerald* from her brow; but Erin has not awakened—No! she still sleeps.

"Bloody is the field where she lies, and her garments are sprinkled with blood—for the wounds of her sons are streaming around her, and the ghosts of her heroes are crying for vengeance! but Erin has not awakened—No! she still sleeps.

"A sigh comes on the night breeze—'tis the spirit of *Orr* that complains!—Pensive he leans from his cloud, and weeps over the slumbers of Erin! He touches the lyre of song; the Heavenly HARP of UNION! and orisons of Freedom tremble over the chords—'twas a strain he loved, for he "died *singing it*." Has Erin heard the voice of her hero? has Erin awakened? No! she still sleeps."

(*Sampson's Memoirs.*)

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

EPIGRAMME FAIT PAR BAOUR SUR LE POETE LEBRUN.

LEBRUN de gloire se nourrit
Aussi voyez comme il maigrit.

REPONSE PAR FABIEN PILLET.

Sottise entretient la santé;
BAOUR s'est toujours bien porté.

IN ENGLISH.

EPIGRAM BY BAOUR ON LEBRUN.

LEBRUN on *glory* lives, I ween;
No wonder that LEBRUN is lean!

ANSWER.

Man, they say, grows fat on *folly*,
No wonder then BAOUR is jolly.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

The Argyle-Street Institution.—The plans of this fashionable Establishment for the ensuing season are said to be nearly completed. The great room has been lengthened to one hundred feet, and a small neat stage occupies one end, while the other is furnished with twenty-three handsome boxes. These are entirely set apart for the Royal Family, and the Ladies Patronesses, and those friends whom they think proper to invite to them. The Performances and Amusements are intended to be of such a nature as will not interfere with the established Theatres; but amongst the variety will be given some Dramatic Concerts, or little Operettas, and Balls and Masquerades, as during the last season. The rooms will open one night in each week, from the end of February till June, and performers of all descriptions, and of the highest eminence, are engaging in this country, and abroad.

The Tenth Number of *The Retrospect of Discoveries* was published on

the 2d. November. It contains critical accounts of 14 new patents ; of 19 papers concerning Natural Philosophy, Arts, and Manufactures ; of 23 on Chemistry and Mineralogy ; and of 24 on Agricultural topics ; forming an Epitome of every thing that has been published during the preceding three months, relating to Arts and Sciences, with remarks, pointing out the merits or defects.

Canals.—M. Belcancourt, chief engineer to the King of Spain, has communicated to the French Institute a new invention, which will render the construction of canals infinitely more easy than it was, by suppressing all expense of useless water. M. A. Pictet, Tribune, who has mentioned it in the Report made to the Legislative Body on the project of a law relative to the imposts for the construction of inland communication, has given the following idea of it :—Each sluice instead of one lock, has two, contiguous to each other, and which communicate below. One is intended to raise and lower vessels as by the usual method ; but the vertical motion of the liquid which bears them, is produced by the immersion or emersion of a chest in the contiguous lock. The bulk of this chest is equal to the volume of water to be displaced, and it is so accurately and ingeniously balanced, that one single person is sufficient to perform the manœuvres neccessary for raising or lowering the largest barge. Thus, in future, the supply of water, which was one of the principal difficulties in the construction of canals, will be confined to the quantity requisite to make good the loss by infiltration and evaporation.

DOMESTIC.

The secretary of war has received from New Orleans two grisly bears. They are, as their names indicate, of a grey colour, and in their native woods grow to an immense size, it is said so as to weigh 7 or 800 wt. and are then extremely fierce. The animals sent to Gen. Dearborn were caught when very young, and are now perfectly tame. Grisly bears are so fierce and formidable that the Indians never attack them, except in large companies ; in which case generally one or more of them become a sacrifice to their temerity. Governor, Lewis, when in the Missouri country was pursued by a grisly bear, and to save himself dashed into the river, where he remained up to his neck in water ; while the bear, unable to pursue him (for one of the peculiarities of this species is an incapability of taking the water), remained growling for some time on the bank ; at last it retired to the woods, and left our distinguished traveller rejoicing at his ability to rejoin his companions. These bears are considered as great curiosities, and are to be sent to Peale's museum in Philadelphia, for the inspection of the curious.

We learn that an immensely valuable white marble quarry has been discovered at Sing-Sing (Mount Pleasant) on the North River, about 85 miles from New York. It is allowed by judges to be equal to that imported from Philadelphia or from Stockbridge quarry.

Mr. James Humphries of Philadelphia, we have authority to announce is making arrangements, and will in a few days issue Proposals for printing by subscription, "The *British Novelists*, (a new work now published in London) comprising a selection of English Novelists with Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks, by Mrs. Barbauld."

Proposals are issued at New Haven by Samuel Woodworth to publish a New Paper weekly intitled *Belles-lettres Repository* : Devoted to Miscellaneous Literature—Amusing, Sentimental, Poetical, Moral, Historical, Philosophical, Religious, &c. Comprising the Arts and Sciences, Useful and Liberal : Designed more particularly for the Ladies, but intended to be an entertaining and useful companion for the young of both sexes.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY DAVID CARLISLE,
No. 5, Court Street.

MONTHLY LIST

OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

JANUARY.

MARRIED,

In this town, Capt. Nathaniel Dorr, to Miss Susan Lambert, daughter of Wm. L. Esq. of Roxbury; Mr. John Smith, to Miss Betsey Palmer; Col. David Wood of Andover, to Mrs. Mary Conant, of this town; Mr. Joseph Cotton, jun. to Miss Mary C. Levely, of Baltimore; Mr. Samuel Davis, to Miss Mary Davis; Mr. Luther Barrett, to Miss Sarah Perry, of Dorchester; Mr James Bryant, to Miss Ann Andrews; Mr. Morgan Morgans to Miss Caroline Knox; Mr. William Dillaway, to Miss Ann Brown; Mr. Elijah Billings, to Miss Grace T. Penniman; Mr. Samuel Adams, to Miss Mary Dentin; Mr. Horatio G. Ware, to Miss Keziah Goodenow Mr. John Andrews, to Miss Catharine N. Tyler; Mr. James Spear, to Miss Elizabeth Pratt, both of Boston.

In Worcester, Mr. John Ridgway, of this town, to Miss Betsy Stowell; in Dalton, Josiah Deane, jun. Esq. of Raynham, to Miss Caroline Waldo, daughter of Calvin W. Esq.; in Amherst, Daniel Dwight, Esq of Westmoreland, (N. H.) to Miss Mary Mattoon, daughter of Gen. M.; in Portland, Capt. David Bradish, to Mrs. Emma Meed; Mr. David Brown to Mrs. Thankful Bagley; in Portsmouth. Mr. Alexander Ladd, mer. to Miss Maria Haven in New-York, Richard R. Parker Esq. Lieut. Col. in the service of his Britannic Majesty, to Mrs Mary Macpherson; in Salem, Mr Ichabod Glover, to Miss Sarah Jefferds; in Quincy, Mr. William Gorham, mer. of Portland, to Miss Charlotte Beal of the former place; in Wilmington (N. C.) Mr. George Lyde, mer. formerly of Boston, to Miss Susanna Callender, of W.; in Leominster, Mr. Thomas C. Legate, mer. to Miss Abby R. Miller, of Boston; in Newbury, Mr. Simeon Cooper, aged 60, to Miss Abigail True, aged 27; in Newburyport. Capt. Hector Coffin, to Miss Mary C. Cook; in Grafton, Mr. Andrew Adams, mer of Boston, to Miss Susan Leland, of G. in Marblehead, Capt. John White, jun. to Miss Betsy Story; in Hingham, Mr. Allen Lincoln, to Miss Marcy Stowell.

In New York, Capt Benjamin Sisson, of N Bedford, to Miss Laize R. Barry, a native of Ireland; in Salem, Mr. Wm. Le Conte, to Miss Lydia Weeks; Mr. Cabot Garrish, to Miss Abigail Gwinn; Mr. Eben'r Peirce, to Miss Lucy Pettingill; Mr. John Joseph, to Miss Joanna Blackman; in Ipswich Mr. David Lord, jun. of Salem, to Miss Lucy Harris; in Richford, (Vt.) Mr. Samuel Rogers, aged 78, to Miss Elfrida Jones, aged 15: She has become a grandmother to a girl two days younger than herself; in Newburyport, Mr. Ephraim S. Smith, of Boston, to Miss Catharine Warf; in Orland, (Me Mr. Stephen Worth, mer. to Miss Rebecca Cannel, both of Boston; in Portland, Capt Benjamin Shaw 3d, to Miss Eunice Cobb; in Lancaster, Mr. George Robinson, Jun. of Harvard, to Miss Annis Willard of Lanc.; in Bath, (Me.) Mr. James Lovett, to Miss Margaret Mitchell; in Groton, (Mas.) Dr. Jeremy Stimson of Hopkinton, to Mrs. Abi Richardson of Grot; in Salem, Capt. John Eveleth of Newburyport, to Miss etsy Eveleth; Mr. Job D Porter to Miss Catharine Holt; Mr. Samuel Cook, to Miss Lydia Darling.

DIED,

In this town, Mr. Elijah Knowles, aged 26; Mr. Thomas Hastings, formerly of Newton, 37; Miss Elizabeth Jackson; Mrs. Mary Blake, widow of the late Capt. Increase Blake, 32; Miss Catharine Ball, 56; Mrs. Susanna, wife of Mr Henry Hutchinson, 41; Ann America, youngest daughter of Mr. Oliver C. Wyman, 17 months; Mrs. Elizabeth Shead, 33; Henry Augustas, youngest son of Mr. J. Murphy, 14mo.; Mrs Jane Dakin, 73; Mr. Winthrop Sargent, 25; Mrs Susanna, wife of Deacon John Martin, 64; Richard, son of Mr Richard Hodson, 2y. 5mo.; Mrs. Mary, consort of Mr. John

Ballard, 68; Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Henry Lane, 28; Mr. Stephen Ingalls, 36; Tuthill Hubbart, Esq. 88; For forty years past, eminent as an underwriter; Miss Betsy Swift, 18; Mrs. Elizabeth Pearce, 72; wife of Mr. Green P.; Mr. Holten P. Johnson, 21, son of the late Capt. Holten Johnson; Mr. Anderson Phillips, 49; Benjamin Bussey, jun. Esq. 26; Mrs. Deborah, wife of Edward Jones, Esq. 48; Mrs. Ruth Harris, relict of the late Mr. John Harris, 65; Miss Mary Curtiss, 71; Mrs. Rebecca Prentiss, 33; Mrs. Susanna, consort of Mr. Henry Hutchinson, 41.

The body of Mr. James Melville, stevedore, was found in the water at the end of India-Wharf, on Monday last—verdict of the jury, "accidental death."

Col. Solomon Smead, of Greenfield, has lost his wife and two of his daughters.—The disease of which they died was so malignant, that they did not survive the first attack more than twelve hours.

In Cincinnati, (Ohio) Mr. John W. Brown, editor of a paper printed in that place. His death is said to have taken place in consequence of a wound which he received from Mr. Burnet, by a cudgel, for refusing to give up the name of the author of a piece, which appeared in Mr. B's paper, wherein Mr. Burnet was charged with being governed by improper motives in opposing the election of Judge Symes as senator; in Providence, Mr. Caleb Ormsbe, 55; Mrs. Martha, wife of Mr. Stephen Dexter, 77; Miss Hetty Mantor, 17; in Portsmouth, Mr. John Blasdell, mer.; Mr. John Lord, 60; Mrs. Elizabeth, Gruard, 53; in Steuben, (Me.) Gen Alexander Campbell, 70; in Taunton, Mr. Joseph Hall, 87. He has left a widow with whom he had lived 61 years; in Salem, Dr. Isaac Williams, 52; in Schenectady, (N. Y.) Mr. John M'Clellan, 93. a native of Ireland; respectable as aged: He was supposed to be the oldest freemason in the State of New-York, perhaps in the U. S.; in New-Haven, (Con.) during the year 1807, 108 deaths, 39 of which under the age of 20y, 6 between 80 and 90y. and 2 between 90 and 100y; in Portland, during the year 1807, 193 deaths, viz. 81 grown persons, 93 children, and 9 people of colour.

In Worcester, during the year 1807, 70 births, viz. 43 males, and 27 females; and 44 deaths, viz. under 10y. and between 10 and 20y. 13, between 20 and 40y. 10, between 40 and 60y. 18, between 60 and 80y. 5, and between 80 and 100y. 3.

In Newburyport, during the year 1807, in the several religious societies, 131 deaths, viz. in Rev. Mr. Andrews' 17, Rev. Mr. Dana's 37, Rev. Mr. Spring's 6, Rev. Mr. Milton's 37, Rev. Mr. Giles' 20, Rev. Mr. Morse's (St. Paul's Church) 11, and Rev. Mr. Peck s 3.

In Salem, during the year 1807, 190 deaths, viz. 94 males and 96 females; under the age of 2y. and between 2 and 20y. 71, between 20 and 40y, 60, between 60 and 80y. 23, between 80 and 100y. 9, and one aged 100y. 5 mo.; of consumption 48, convulsions 11, nervous fever 12, lung fever 12, old age 13, dropsy in the head 7, apthæ 7, old age 13, suicide 1, sudden 8, apoplexy 4, influenza 3, cholera infanta 8; in do. Mr. John Johnson, 42, and his wife; Widow Sarah Trask, 62; in Woburn, Mr. Ebenezer Lawrence, jun. 23, a student of Williamstown College; in Roxbury, Mrs. Bradley, 57; in Worcester, Emily, youngest daughter of Mr. Adrian Webb, 12mo.; in New-York, James Barry, Esq. 53, Consul-General from the Prince Regent of Portugal, to the Eastern States; Mrs. Sarah, wife of Charles Lindsy, Esq; Capt. Joseph Dennet; Mrs. Joanna, wife of Mr. Tho's A. Cooper; in Danvers, widow Patience Osborn, 88; her descendants are 10 children, 49 grand children, and 24 gr. gr. children; in Leghorn, 2d Oct. Capt. John Butman, late of Portland, (Me); in Jamaica, Rev. Father Wm. Lebun, Apostolic Prefect of St. Domingo, fulfilling the duties of that station in that island under the authority of the Bishop of London; in the City of St. Domingo, Nov. 21, Mr. Elisha Turner, jun. mate of the brig Eunice, of this port; in Tolland, (C.) Col. Solomon Willes, 77, of the revolutionary army; in Salem, Mr. George Dodd, mer. 82; in Waltham, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Jonas Brown, 74; in Cambridge, Mrs. Mary Hunewell, 66; in Dorchester, Miss Nabby, daughter of Mr. Wm. Munroe, 23; in Charlestown, Henry, son of Capt. Daniel Smith, 16; in Albany, Rev. Dr. Wm. Linn; in Newburyport Miss Ann Delap, 24, late of Granville, (N. S.) while on a visit; in Philad Mrs. Mary-Ann-Ledjune De St. Felix, widow of Mr. De St. Felix, cidevant major in the reg't of Port au-Prince, St. Dom.; at C. May, (N. J.) Rev. Jona Jerman, pastor of the 1st baptist church in that place, 68;

in Orange county, (N. Y.) Mr. Matthew Decker, of the house of J. and M. D. of N. York; in N. York Mr. Israel Loring, mer.; in Middlebury, (Vt.) Mrs. Sarah Hedge, 67; in Cornish, (N. H.) Mrs. Lucy, wife of Col. James Ripley, 42; in Amherst Mr. Jas. Varnum; while in a drunken mood, he stript himself to his shirt, and walking in a snow-storm perished; in Portsmouth, Mr. James Jones, sen. 53; in Andover, Mr. Henry Phelps, 65; in Newburyport, during the year 1807, 107 deaths, viz. 41 males and 66 females; of consumption 24, the greater part females, a caution against thin dressing!—the births during the same period, 435, males, 171, females, 174; marriages 84; in do. Mr. Samuel Fowler, 30; in Piscataqua river dr.) Mr. T. Dockham, 20; in Marblehead, Mr. William Hooper Reynolds, 54; in Danvers, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Eleazer Putnam, Esq.; in Salem, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Benjamin Beckford, 68; in Hingham, 17th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Deborah, widow of Mr. Adam Stowell, 74: in Charlestown, Miss Lydia, daughter of Mr. Joseph Tufts, 21; in Woburn, Nathaniel Lawrence, 17; in Wrentham, Mr. Lyman Dagget, son of Capt. Elijah Dag of this town

A Patriarch!—Mr. O'SULLIVAN has recently died at Beerhaven, England aged 111. It is added, that he is much lamented by 215 nephews and nieces! Certainly if this family be not of high rank, or remarkable opulence, they are distinguished for their good breeding—

DIED suddenly, the Rev. Doctor WILLIAM LINN, late one of the Ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church in the city of New-York, aged 55 years and 11 months.

His ministerial career commenced in the Presyterian Church. During the revolutionary war, he was a chaplain in the army, and ever since has been a true friend to his country. A few years after the peace, he connected himself with the Reformed Dutch Church, and settled in the city of New-York. Indisposition finally constrained him to resign his pastoral charge there, and he removed to this city. As long as health permitted, he devoted his talents and time to the service of that cause which he early espoused—a cause which lay near to his heart—which he loved. His memory will be ever dear to all who were favored with his friendship, as well as to those who were allied to him by the ties of nature.

In Fort-Adams (Indian Ter.) Capt. John M'Cary, of the 1st reg't of infantry of the U. S. army, 40, formerly of Epsom, (N. H.); in Savannah, Mrs. Mary Charlotte, widow of Gen James Jackson; in Washington, Mr. George Mitchel, 75, a native of Scotland; in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, during the year ending 2d Jan. 1808, there were 2,045 deaths; of cholera, 169, casualties 11, cholic 21, consumption 306, drunkenness 14, dysentery 70, fevers 187, hives 55, influenza 30, insanity 31, gout 6, palsy 18, small pox (natural) 80, do inoc. 2. In Cambridge, Mrs. Sarah Brewer, 92; in the Indiana Territory, Judge Thomas T. Davis; in Hawley, Mr. Noah Wells, 89; Mrs. Margaret Burt, 80; in Northampton, Mr. William Clark, 87; in Goshen, Dr. Benj Burgess, 70; in Enfield, Mr. Ephraim Terry, 80; in Springfield, Mr. John Warner; in the Western parts of the State of N. York, Mr. John Brown, 32; Mr. Wm. Hawley, 25; Miss Catharine Wyman, 18; Mrs Betsey Randall, 24, and her child; Mrs. Hannah Whitney, 38, and her two sons; all belonging to Massachusetts; in Newburyport, Mrs. Patience, wife of Mr. Jos. Currier, 46; in Boxford, Miss Nabby, daughter of Mr. Wm. Bacon, formerly of this town, 20; in Gloucester, Miss Mary Lowe, 46; in Salem, Mr. Joseph Churchill 63.

At his house in London, aged 76, Mr. John Walker. In the early part of his life he adopted the theatrical profession, and acquired considerable reputation in Ireland and on many provincial stages in England, and was for some years an established actor on the London boards. He was chiefly successful in parts of sententious morality and blunt humour, and was conspicuous for his merit in the performance of Downright, in the comedy of Every Man in his Humour. Having always a strong propensity to philological studies he quitted the stage, and published several valuable works on grammar and elocution, of which he was many years a distinguished teacher. In 1774 he puplished a pamphlet "A general Idea of a Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, on a Plan entirely new," and soon after published the dictionary, which may be considered as his great work. It is a production of prodigious labour, and of such high merit, as to re-

main a standard book in this country. It is characterized by extensive knowledge, unwearied diligence, correct taste, profound and accurate discrimination. He published various other works on the subject of education; all partaking of the properties already spoken of, and tending to improve the art of speaking in this country; the titles of these works are, Exercises for Improvement in Elocution; Elements of Elocution; Hints for Improving the Art of Reading; A Rhetorical Grammar; English Classics abridged; The Melody of Speaking Delineated; and the Academic Speaker. Mr. Walker was distinguished in private life for a strict regard to moral and religious duties, and he was intimately known to most of the distinguished literary characters of his time, by whom he was held in high esteem for his talents, his knowledge, and his virtues.

The Cardinal of York.—The last of the Stuart family, Henry Benedick Maria Clemens, second son of James Stuart, known by the name of the Pretender, died at Rome in August last of a putrid fever, in his 82d year He was born at Rome in March, 1725, where he almost constantly resided. Though never active in asserting the family pretentions to the English throne, in 1745 he put himself at the head of 15,000 men, assembled in France, and destined for England; but which were not embarked. After the battle of Culloden, which destroyed the hopes of his brother Charles, whose efforts to regain the station his ancestors had once possessed, will be recollected by historical readers, Henry took orders. In 1747 he was made Cardinal by Pope Benedict XIV. and afterwards Bishop of Frascati and Chancellor of the Church of St. Peter. At the time Pius VI. was divested of power, the Cardinal deprived of the means of independent subsistence, driven by the revolutionary Banditti from dignified retirement at his villa near Rome, took refuge in Venice in 1798. Infirm as well as destitute, his case was represented to the present English monarch, who granted a pension of £.4000 pr. ann. during life to the unfortunate Cardinal. Henry was a studious and well-informed Prince, and a sincerely pious Prelate. His purse was always open to suffering Humanity; and British travellers particularly, whether ruined by misfortune or by imprudence, found in him, on all occasions, a compassionate benefactor. He possessed, before 1798, a very valuable collection of curiosities at his villa, where many scarce tracts and interesting manuscripts concerning the unfortunate House of Stuart were among the ornaments of his library. In his will, made in January 1789, he had left the latter to his relation Count Stuarton; but they were all, in 1798, either plundered by the French and Italian Jacobins at Rome, or confiscated by French commissaries for the libraries or museums at Paris. The Cardinal of York returned to Rome in 1801, and died the Doyen of Sacred College, after being one of its most virtuous and disinterested members upwards of 60 years. He was also Bishop of Ostie and Velletri, Vice-chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, and Arch-Priest of the Basilique Patriarchal of St. Peter of the Vatican. Thus has died, at the age of 82 years and some months, the last, in a direct line, of the Royal House of Stuart; and his death is of some importance; for, it is understood, an Act with respect to Attainder of Blood was to expire at the death of this last of the Stuart Family.

At Paris, aged 77, Joseph-Peter Buc'hoz, M. D. fellow of the College of Physicians at Nancy; born at Metz, Jan 27, 1731, His Works, so long ago as the year 1782, as enumerated by himself in a Catalogue, printed at that period, of ten pages in folio, consisted of

Folios - - -	88
Quartos - - -	7
Octavos - - -	71
Duodecimos -	128
Sexdecimos - -	18
Total -	312

So that he has a fair claim to the title Haller has given him of "Polygraphus." His Works were chiefly relative to Natural History; and he is said to have expended 200,000 livres in printing and engraving. During the latter part of his life he was reduced to great distress; but a short time before his death the French Government granted him a pension of 1200 livres (50*l.*)

At Bristol, of a consumption, Miss Newton, niece and only surviving relative of the celebrated Chatterton, for whose benefit an edition of his Works was lately published by subscription, under the direction of Mr. Southey and Mr. Cottle,